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FAIRY TALES OF HUNTINGDON

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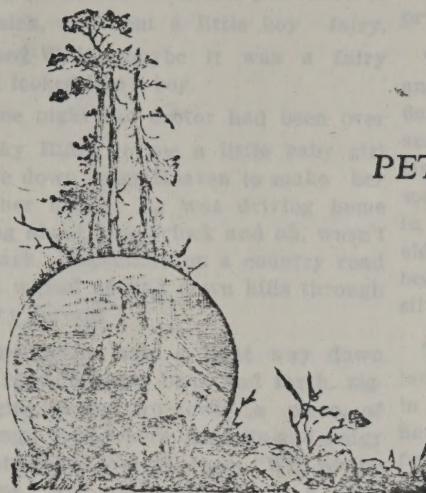
STONE VALLEY JOINS THE JUNIATA

in the realm of

Nittany, Queen of the Fairies

C. B. Heineman

Washington, D. C.



PETER SHOENBERGER

Master Builder

Once upon a time, in early days of all he loved his wife and children. Huntingdon County, there lived a doctor, whose Pennsylvania Dutch ancestors came from the districts where the river Rhine gathers its headwaters from the Alps. These forefathers were in love with their native land, which they called the Beautiful Mountains and they called themselves "The People of the Beautiful Mountains," which I think is a very poetic way of talking about the place where you live. Only when you speak that name in its Dutch form here in Pennsylvania, Shoenberger, it does not seem so romantic.

He was poor for a doctor can't make much money way out in the wooded hills where only poor people lived. Shoenberger did his work well and besides he was an intelligent man. He cured people of diseases, he mended broken bones, he helped the babies come into the world when they were born, and he watched them grow up, as the boys and girls of today do.

He wasn't succeeding in life, and he wanted to become a great doctor, and if he couldn't do that he wanted to become famous, and if not that he wanted to become a rich man. So when he drove around in his buggy on his calls, he did a lot of thinking and a pile of wishing. Maybe neither one would have done much good if it hadn't been for all the good deeds he did year after year. Pretty soon he reached the Fairy number of one hundred good deeds, which was reported to Queen Nittany. You know her. She is the Queen of the Fairies.

When this doctor came to Huntingdon, he felt at home among its beautiful mountains, and one of them he loved in particular. It is the one we call Broad Top, which since has become famous for its coal. From its Broad Top, one could look north over Trough Creek Valley. You could see the Notch, which showed where ages ago, the water little by little, cut away its channel until the Terrace Mountain had been sawn in two. You could see how Sideling Hill came up from the east and south, and Terrace bent from the west till they joined far to the north in the Knob.

The doctor loved this view, but most Nittany decided she wouldn't send some one else for she wanted to see this doctor, so she took the form of an old woman, one of those crone-like people such as Little Abner's mother in the

comic strips of the newspapers, corn cob pipe and all. Then she pretended to be sick, and sent a little boy fairy, named Willie, maybe it was a fairy that looked like a boy.

One night the doctor had been over Rocky Ridge to see a little baby girl come down from Heaven to make her mother happy. He was driving home along about two o'clock and oh, wasn't it dark. Especially on a country road that wound up and down hills through heavy forests.

The doctor saw a light way down the road, bobbing back and forth, zig-zagging to and fro over a piece of swampy land where cat tails and sedgy plants grow. We call them "Will of the Wisps," and are told its just a little marsh gas that caught fire and burns. We know these wise acres don't know what they are talking about, for a "Will of the Wisp" is a fairy lantern. While you are at it, a swampy bit of ground isn't such a bad place. It all depends on how useful it is and lots of swamps are very useful, but that's another story.

Anyhow this light was in the hands of the boy-fairy and he was carrying it, flying all over the swamp so as to attract the doctor's attention, and finally he sat down right in the middle of the road. Lots of times these "Will of the Wisps" do that. I mean, stand still, and when you come close to them, move down the road just ahead of you. The doctor said "Get Up" to his horse and made him trot, and Will the fairy trotted ahead just as fast and it wasn't long till they were at the Hill Billy house of Nittany.

The doctor had never seen a cabin at this spot before and he had been along this road a hundred times. He could see through the window a lighted lamp and an old woman in the bed. So he went in. Nittany pretended she was about to die and gasped, "Water for the love of God.

So the doctor gave her a drink and a couple of pills. And wasn't he surprised.

The old woman jumped out of bed and began to dance around and as she danced her old rags began to change and the wrinkles went out of her face. Her hair became long and flaxen, and soon a golden crown with a blazing star in its center was on her head, and the old walking stick which she had grabbed as she got out of bed turned into a silver wand.

The doctor realized he was in the land of the fairies or little people. Over in the mountains along the Rhine they have little people and in fact lots of our fairy stories are about foreigners, when we have just as interesting fairies right at home here in America, Pennsylvania and Huntingdon.

It wasn't long until Nittany found the cabin too small to dance in and she went outside where there were hundreds of fairies dancing and singing under the stars which shown so bright that you could see even if it was night.

I've said Mr. Shoenberger was a wise man, and he knew he mustn't break the spell, so he went outside too. The fairies then began to dance around him in a ring. Pretty soon they stopped, and the Queen called out, 'Can anyone vouch for this man?'

A hundred fairies came forth to tell of a hundred good deeds. Nittany said to Peter, "Step forward." "Your work has been seen. Go tomorrow to Philadelphia and ask a man for a loan of fifteen thousand (\$15,000.00) Dollars."

The doctor said, "To hear is to obey." That's the proper response when the Queen of the Fairies gives you a command.

So Peter Shoenberger got back in his buggy and drove on down the road. It was a rough road, and a specially bad rut jounced the buggy so that it woke up the doctor.

"My! I must have fallen asleep. That was some dream I had."

He got home and went to bed. When he woke up the next morning, he remembered the fairy gathering and wondered about it. So at breakfast he told his wife. She knew fairies. So she said, "That was no dream. You pack up and off to Philadelphia this minute."

And Peter had to start. In those days it took a week, that was when they had horse and buggy and no auto. Philadelphia wasn't such a big city then, and Peter stopped his horse in front of a hitching post at the corner of Chestnut and Broad streets, where there was a bank. My! how that bank has grown since then! It is the biggest bank in all Pennsylvania.

Now Queen Nittany had taken pains and called on the President of that bank the very day Peter started on his trip. This time she pretended she was a rich widow from New York City, and she put a lot of money in the bank. Just before she left she told the banker, "I have a step brother, named Peter Shoenberger. He is coming here next week and he wants a loan of Fifteen Thousand Dollars. When you see him tying his horse to the hitching post; I want you to go out on the sidewalk and get acquainted with him."

So it all happened just that way. The banker saw Peter get out, so he stepped out on the sidewalk and started talking to the doctor. After a little polite conversation such as where he had come from, etc., the subject of why he came was introduced.

"I want to borrow fifteen thousand dollars."

"Well, you are fortunate. I am the president of the bank. Come right in. We have lots of money."

And almost before you could say, "Black Jack," Peter had the money in nice new crisp bills in his inside coat pocket and was out in his buggy starting back for his home in Huntingdon.

But there was a bad man named Lewis who was walking down the Lancaster Pike. When the doctor came along, he broke his thumb in a westerly direction which in those early days meant, "Give me a lift."

Of course kind hearted Peter stopped and asked the man to get in, and where he was going, etc., and when night came they put up at the Red Horse Inn.

The man was a robber. He had noticed the big bulge in Peter's pocket and figured it was money. They had to sleep in the same room and in the same bed, for that was the fashion in those early days.

Twin beds were born much later.

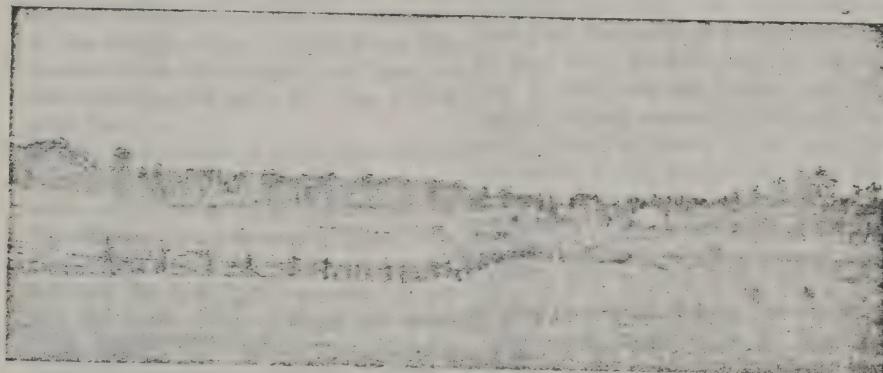
The robber pretended to go to sleep, but he kept awake, intending to take the money out of the coat which hung on the back of a chair. But the fairies were on the doctor's side, and they sent the sandman who made the robber go to sleep in spite of himself, the bed was so comfy.

Peter went to sleep right away, and in a second he was back in the center of the Fairy ring. Nittany told him to get right up and drive away from that Inn. Peter remembered what his wife ordered him, so he woke right up, and

dressed and went down stairs. He paid iron ore in the hills of Huntingdon both not only his own hotel bill, but also the in olden days and today. robber's telling the night clerk not to Maybe you don't believe in fairy disturb his friend the next morning as stories, but Peter Shoenberger became his friend was tired and wanted to sleep Huntingdon's first millionaire, and ev- till noon.

Wasn't the robber mad when he woke up one minute past twelve o'clock the next day.

After a couple more days of driving, and of course resting at night, the doctor got back to his family. He showed his wife the money and she said, "You go into the iron business," for Huntingdon iron made good horseshoes and plows and other things. There is lots of it to build railroads, all of which he owned, one thing paying for the next. When Peter died, a very old man, he was worth more than Five Million Dollars. The fairies really make the difference between the lucky and unlucky people. So you had better believe in fairies.



The Mail Carrier

Once upon a time, the Penns owned a large tract of land in Huntingdon County which was for their own use. Of course they had all Pennsylvania but sold most of it to settlers. When the Revolutionary War came along the Penns lost their rights, and the Manor was surveyed, divided into lots and sold to the Scotch-Irish people who came in great numbers to Shavers Creek Valley. This Manor was between Standing Stone and Shavers Creek, and a hill divided the waters of these streams. It was also between the hills. What we call Warriors Ridge was then Grindstone Hill or Hart's Log Mountain. They were the Fairies who never considered the rights of Columbus, or the English King, nor even William Penn or for that matter, the Indians. Hugh Gallagher and family came direct from Ireland and strange to say, an Irish family of Pixies hid in their luggage and were thus brought to America. The Pixies and the Fairies are very much alike, and these Scotch-Irish Pixies intermarried the original Fairies, so that the whole east side of Shavers Creek is alive with their descendants. Pixies are a little more mischievous. They are loyal and work always for the success of the Irish.

Shaver's Creek Manor had a little town that grew up on Hugh McGallagh's farm, but it just straggles all over a

hill top, so the place is called Manor Hill. Some time you should go to that little hamlet, and stay all night. You'll tighter and skipped a meal.

believe in fairies the next morning. If you wake up in the middle of the night and you will, you can hear as the wind blows over the hill, the pixies singing. If you are in tune, creep to your window and you will see them dancing, that is up to midnight. After that they have to work. Lots of times a tired housewife wakes up in the morning to find the butter all churned, the dirty dishes all washed and put in their places, the kitchen swept, and everything in apple pie order. Of course, no one ever leaves the dishes, after one visit by the Fairies, one is just too ashamed to be caught twice. But when the housewife is overworked, and goes to bed dreading the next day, the Pixies visit her.

They had letters in those days which came up from Petersburg, where the main stage road from Pittsburgh to Philadelphia ran. After the Canal was dug, and when it was replaced by the railroad, the mail bags were thrown off just the same. Do you know the man, after whom Petersburg was named? Peter Shoenberger, and he had the fairies on his side.

One of the early mail carriers was Hiram Price, the son of William Price, who lived near Masseyburg. It was small, and the Prices were very poor. Since nearly everybody was poor, to be very poor meant even more than now. Their house was made out of logs, and it had only one room. There was a sort of an attic above, but no stairs to get to it. Along one wall, some stout stakes of wood were driven in, so that the boys and men went up the ladder to bed. Downstairs the girls and women slept. The regular bed was high, and two little trundle beds for the children were pushed underneath it every morning. A stove was on one side of the only room, and there was a rough pine table to eat off of with some stools to sit on. Lots of time

Everyone just pulled their belts a little tighter and skipped a meal. When Hiram became a sizeable lad, he got the contract to carry the mail. They had to have a horse. Hiram borrowed the money to buy it and a very old buggy. The outfit only cost five dollars, but those were days when a dollar was worth about five now, and besides the horse was as old as the buggy. It was a tough job to feed it as its teeth were gone, and it couldn't graze. To go out and mow the horse's meals took a lot of time and labor.

The poor mare's ribs almost stuck through the skin. Its hips actually looked as though they would burst out. It was sway-backed and it couldn't trot. A walk was its fastest gait. The buggy's wheels were dish-like and wobbled. "Shank's Mare" is an old time expression which means use your own legs if you want to get anywhere. Well, Daisy was a better mare than Hiram's shanks, so he drove along disregarding the jibs and jests and the ridicule of all the people of Barree Township.

The road wasn't paved and was muddy in wet weather, dusty in dry, slippery in frosty and full of snow in winter. Nevertheless, three times a week whatever mail came was delivered. Everyone did not get a letter each trip, in fact they were few and far between. Hiram didn't stop like the mail carrier does now, along the rural routes today and slip the morning paper, a magazine and some letters in a nice tin box on the wayside.

You came out of the house, rain, shine or snow to get a letter, so Hiram had a fish-horn which he blew to tell people he was coming. As most people lived off the road, the larger part of the mail was left at the several post offices such as Ribot, Cottage, Neff's Mills, Manor Hill, Saulsbury, Ennisville, and McAlevy's Fort.

Hiram, mare, buggy and horn got to be an institution.

One day in January, a snow storm set in and Hiram had to stop at night. He did not know fall right in the road. He was at Manor Hill, for the snow was so thick he couldn't see, and it was a young blizzard. When he stopped his horse, he saw a small bush along side the road, all covered with snow, and as he looked it began moving. Several other little bushes all wrapped up in snowy overcoats and mittens began to move and soon they were dancing around him. He saw they were the Pixies and knew they were friendly, else he never would have seen them. They began to sing:

Hiram Price, we ne'er speak twice.
We like you as you know.
We, you invite to stop, alight
You cannot go through snow.
Fair Queen, your good deeds has seen
And bids you come to her
Fate awaits at fairy-land's gates
And through them you enter
Into fame, which will make your name
Famous in I-o-wa.
At midnight, by the bright star light
Nittany will hold sway.

They had scarcely finished this song when the front door of a near-by house was thrown open, and lamp light streamed out over the drifts of snow showing Hiram, Daisy and the buggy almost a separate snow drift. The people in the house ran out and found the horse and boy almost frozen, both fast asleep. They got Daisy into the barn, put a blanket on her and fed her some warm cooked oats, which immediately revived her.

Hiram was badly frostbitten in his fingers and toes. It took a lot of snow applications to get his blood circulating again. Youth recovers very fast and in an hour Hiram was all right, but then it was time to go to bed. They put him in the guest room with a goose feather tick under him, and almost as big a feather tick over him, with a fine pillow for his head and soon he was in dreamland.

Exactly at midnight the Pixies came and took him to Nittany's realm in fairy-land. She was so beautiful seated upon her throne, dressed in silvery, sparkling robes, with a golden crown upon her head, which had a blazing star diamond in its center. Her golden hair lay in curls about her white shoulders. In her hand was a silver wand, which she pointed towards Hiram as he entered the throne room. It just seemed to pull him along until he was right in front of Queen Nittany. Hiram couldn't help kneeling just like he was saying his prayers, and strange to say he felt like saying a prayer of thanksgiving. Nittany was all that is good and true in the world. "Hiram," she said, "You are very young to have done one hundred (100) good deeds. Today you have been brave in doing the mystic hundredth one of venturing out in the winter time to bring a letter which you left at the last house. It was from a son, long lost to his mother, who has now gone to the other shore. She died happy with the news that her son was alive."

"Far in the west, across the Mississippi River is a beautiful farming country, where your father, yourself and your brothers can have land for the asking. It is my will that two years hence you all remove thither."

And again the song of the fairies came as they danced around him, but this time they didn't have snow-jackets for it was warm in Nittany's Palace, and all had beautiful jewelled garments.

"Away, away to Iowa."

Then the Pixies conducted Hiram back to the warm feather bed where he slept soundly until the morning sun poured through the windows. The folks had been up for hours. They didn't bother him for they wanted Hiram to have a long rest. He was just as good as new and after breakfast started out again to deliver the mail. The country people had been out clearing off the road, so that job wasn't hard. Late in

the afternoon he was back to his home seem to be making any progress. So Hiram told about his adventure and Nittany's order to move to Iowa. Which was done.

He never said a word about his adventure with the Pixies, for people are funny, then as now, thought others a little "touched in the head" if fairies were believed in. Since everybody's queer except you and me, even if most people in Barree were strict Presbyterians, the old Irish beliefs were still held. Scotch Presbyterianism took an Irish bath in folk-lore for nearly one hundred years before it came to America.

About two years after, his father was complaining about the hard times after the Civil War and that he didn't his side.

When Hiram grew up into a man, they elected him to Congress, so he came to Washington, D. C., every year. Each year he came up to Manor Hill for one night's sleep so he could visit the fairies. That's the reason he prospered for he took their advice. Then as the years rolled by, the President made Hiram Price a Commissioner for the Indians who lived in great numbers on the Great Plains in the Far West. He was a useful and good man all the days of his life. The fairies were on



Water Street

The Sprites are particularly numerous around streams and springs. In one particular part of Huntingdon every variety of fairies will be found as it is the very center of their kingdom. The Frankstown Juniata flows off the eastern slopes of the Allegheny mountains. When it reaches Tussey ridge it meets a great obstruction and has to flow along the base of the mountain. It found a weak spot and forced its way through at Water Street.

This peeved Altoona the King of the Fairies, so much that perhaps he is to blame for so many things which have happened at this place, especially the first fifty years of the white settlements. It is a picturesque region and a most attractive one, and living here is most pleasant. King Altoona tried to dam the river, and force it to go on north to the Little Juniata. You will notice in the Water Street Gap, both sides of the hill are great jumbled piles

of rocks, which are called Ganister Flows.

All over Huntingdon are such flows, all the work of bad fairies. When sentenced for some crime by their King, they are put to work breaking up the big rocks to make them into small ones. This is hard labor, and when they return to the fold at the end of their term of punishment, they are quite sure they will never be naughty again. But it isn't long until they are back. When a rock slips out of their hand and falls on the present highway, the automobile driver has to look out for slides.

It wasn't much use to try to make a dam at Water Street, for the spring floods tore down the work as fast as it could be built. The snow is melted by rain, and everyone knows what a flood the Juniata can produce in short order. When the country was first settled, no wagons could go through. But men

rolled some stones into the river, and Canoe Valley through beautiful under-some were put over next to the hill, ground limestone caverns. and it became possible to get wagons through Tussey mountain on a water level by using the beach along the river. So they named it Water Street.

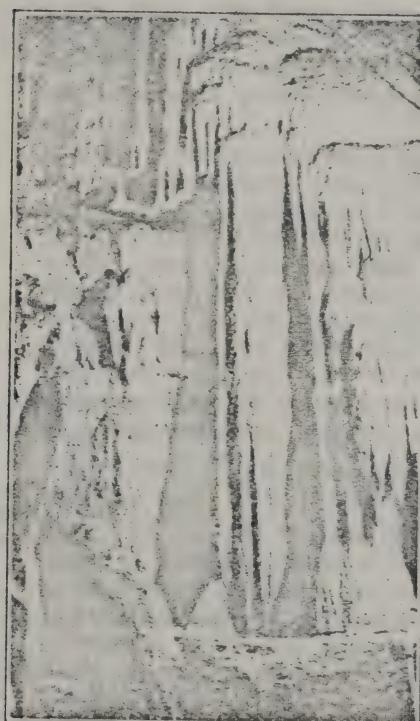
The pioneer settler was Edward Beatty, who was a very strong man, and had eight strong sons, whose feats of strength and endurance are remembered even to this day. They never feared the Indians and did not retreat to the forts as did the other whites in troublesome times.

Here is the underground Palace of King Altoona and his people. If you could learn the magic pass word, and conditions are just right, and the fairies are on your side, a trip through this fairy-land would be amazing. If you want to get an idea of what Altoona's palace looks like, visit the Lincoln Caverns which are only three miles west of Huntingdon, and right on the highway. They have been all lighted with electricity, and cleaned up, with steps in the hard to walk places. Then you will be ready to properly appreciate King Altoona's kingdom, if you get a chance to visit it.

But my, oh my. The Beattys built their stone house right over this spring. And they were not people who could be scared away. Yet this spring was the entrance to the Palace. It had to be dry when the fairies used it, and they had engineers who regulated its flow by turning the underground stream into a reservoir. Then the fairies could come out without getting their wings wet.

With their fine door closed all over with a stone house, and nine great big fearless giants living in it, they had to use the back door for about fifty years, coming out of the sink hole along the base of Brush mountain. This would be the same as if you didn't have any other doors in your house and had to use the cellar door all the time. There was trouble a-plenty for the Beattys' and there was trouble for all the people round about for all the time the house stood over the spring. When it was pulled down about 50 years later, conditions became nice just as they had been for ages.

The door could once again be used. Every once in a while the spring steps flowing for a few hours. Of course we know the fairies are having a parade or are starting out on a trip to visit some other part of Huntingdon. While they are using the door it is dry and



A large spring of pure water burst from the hillside between the forks of U. S. 22, as one turns up to Tyrone, and the other goes toward Pittsburgh. Of course it is an underground river. Some suppose it is Sinking Run which miles to the west, plunges into a hole in the limestone and is not seen again. This Water Street Spring does originate under Brush Mountain, and crosses

when they have all passed through a three of her children. Mr. Dean and rumbling noise can be heard way down his two oldest boys and two oldest in the depths of the earth and then girls had gone out early in the morn- the spring starts flowing again. We ing to plow the cornfield getting it know that the engineers are emptying ready to sow rye. The boys held the reservoir. plow and the girls made "steps" places

Kittanning Path, a famous Indian Trail, comes down from Kittanning Point, where the Pennsylvania railroad climbs up the east wall of the Alleghenys by the Horseshoe Curve. The Path runs through Water Street. During the Revolutionary War, a fort was built about two miles west on the Lowry Farm. The fairies sided with the people who thought the Fort should be at Water Street and the placing it elsewhere provoked King Altoona.

A fort in pioneer days was a big enclosure with palisades, which are logs set up on ends. A spring has to be inside to furnish water. All the people brought their goods and tents and camped inside until the Indians were driven away by the Rangers of the Frontier. This was called "Forting". The most prominent man was Capt. Simonson, who had the real decision as to where the Fort should be. King Altoona sent a fairy messenger, who took the form of a friendly Indian scout, to tell the Captain that he would be punished. Simonson laughed at the message and replied that he was plenty old enough and able to take care of himself. When this was reported back the Sprites were particularly angry at him.

Some of the neighbors did not think it important to go to the Fort when there was an alarm in seventeen eighty. Mr. Simonson and his wife and oldest son John went over to one of them the Deans, to warn them, one evening. As Mrs. Simonson intended to come over to see Mrs. Dean the next morning, and as John wanted to stay him, all night, they left him with the Deans.

Then the Indians came and burnt this Seneca White-Indian Chief. He the house and killed Mrs. Dean and told them his name was John Sims and

in between the corn which the plow couldn't reach. So these five of the family were saved. When they saw the smoke from the burning house, they hurried home just as Mrs. Simonson was coming. In the ashes they could find no bones which resembled John, so he must have been taken prisoner and carried away by the Indians.

The fairies saved him. It was a naughty sprite, but perhaps in this instance a good deed was done, for it is better to be alive than dead. He whispered into the Indian's ear just as the tomahawk was about to fall.

"That's Capt. Simonson's son. He is worth a big ransom. His father is rich.

So the "Children of the Forest" took John with them. The Captain offered a great reward for those days, One hundred pounds, English money, about Five Thousand dollars today.

The father even travelled over into Ohio to the Miami valley when peace was declared, hoping some one of the Indians would bring in his captive son. The bad sprite had seen to it, that John went with the Seneca Indians into New York. When he grew up, he married a squaw, had several children, became a man of importance in the tribe with horses and cattle and lived in a fine house.

When the second war with England came thirty-two years later, a company of the American troops from Water Street and thereabouts, went up into the Iroquois country, for those Indians were friendly then with the United States. Three of John's brothers were in this army, but had travelled on to Niagara Falls without hearing about

morning, and as John wanted to stay him.

Others from Huntingdon talked with

he had come from the Juniata. He was band, and moved to Warriors Mark planning to go and make a visit to see and Nittany Valley, they do not live and talk with his brothers, when just together. The fairies have been kindly then his squaw wife came up, hopping since that terrible stone house was remad, and as she wore the parts, he was moved from off the top of the spring. never seen again as he had to go with her. The most potent spot in the world is in front of the spring. Here three roads met in a triangle. Any young man or woman who wants to be lucky and write a name great in America, should go to

Hundreds of other deeds have filled Water Street on their eighteenth birth- this region with song and story. Water day, just before mid-day. Exactly at Street has always been a favorite with noon choose the road. Really you don't King Altoona and his followers. Since choose. The fairies steal up behind you Queen Nittany got so she couldn't and shove you onto the right road that stand living any longer with her husband leads to fame and fortune.

HARTS LOG



In the real early days in Huntingdon when it was still Cumberland County, there were very few white people, just men who traded with the Indians, taking their furs, and giving goods from the store, especially hatchets. The first of these Indian traders was named John Hart. He lived just east of what is now the town of Alexandria on the Warrior's Path where it forded the Juniata River.

He made a watering trough of a hugh log by burning out the inside, and brought a spring to the trough, so that man and beast, as they journeyed by, could get a drink. It wasn't long until Indians and such few white men who used the trail called the place Harts log.

He was batchelor, and, after living here for a few months, got to wishing it, a young white girl, about 17, stood he had a wife. He was kind to the Indians who held him in great respect. He was also good to all travellers. He soon

rolled up good deeds to the magic number of one hundred, all of which was reported to Queen Nittany of the Fairies, whose palace was not far off at Warrior's Mark. There wasn't any use summoning Hart to the Palace to inquire of his desires because a thousand fairies, a thousand Indians, and a score of white men had heard the wish nearest to Hart's heart,—and that was for a wife. Now a way back in 1745 there were no white women in the country. Hart could have had Indian maidens, but his wish had reservations, and one was that his wife-to-be must be white.

One evening Hart was sitting inside his store reading a book by candle light for he was a learned man. There was a knock at the door. When he unlatched outside. He invited her to come in and he have a seat. He then sat down expecting her to speak. The girl said nothing.

It wasn't long till he found that she would answer questions, and keep silent in between each question. The result of a long inquisition gave the following tale. She was of Scotch-Irish descent. Her parents had come to what is now Fulton County, Pa., and settled on Tonoloway creek. They had been killed by the Indians. She had been taken captive and had lived with the Indians for nearly five years. She had watched and waited for a chance to escape and get back to the Tonoloways, and had accomplished it five days back. She stayed over night at Hartslog, and wanted to go on south the next morning.

"Where do you intend to go?" asked Hart. No idea.

"I need a housekeeper. Can't you stay?" "Yes", to that.

"Well we had better light out tomorrow morning. Those Indians are probably on your trail."

As you know the Indians use sign language to people who do not know a common tongue, and also they drew pictures when they wrote letters. While Hart and Alyce were gone the next day, the Indians came. They laid a tomahawk, painted red, on his log, along side a piece of slate stone. The stone was marked with a picture of an Indian with a bundle on his back, and belt filled with scalps. There were seven lines above his head. In front the sun was rising and behind was the moon.

The red hatchet and scalps meant it was a war expedition of seven men (the lines) going towards the rising sun, and would return that night (the moon). The bundle meant they intended to plunder. The hatchet laid down meant they would not harm Hart. When John and Alyce came back late in the afternoon, first looking all about to see if any Indians were around, they found the message.

They couldn't stay there that night, so John turned the slate stone over and drew a heart with a pipe alongside

which meant, "Hart smokes the pipe of peace." Leaving the message they slept in the woods. On returning, they found the Indians had passed the night at the Log. They had tried to melt up some pewter mugs and dishes hoping to get lead for bullets, and had given up in disgust, leaving the heavy truck behind. They had killed none of the white settlers, but they had stolen some silver money and other household goods.

So the girl, whose name was Alyce Dillon, kept the house clean, cooked the meals for the next six months. Each day she saw what a good man her employer was. Each day Hart saw her grow more beautiful as the look of care faded from her face, and as she gained weight, for she was thin and haggard that first night.

Not once did Hart propose marriage, for to him she was a child, so much younger than he. But one day at the end of six months a handsome young hunter stopped at Hartslog. When he saw Alyce he fell head over heels in love with her. That evening the young people went for a walk. When they returned they sat outside the house on a couple of stumps.

Of course their conversation was in the question and answer style, but the young hunter had started in with a question and he was full of them. So his last question was, "Will you marry me?" The answer was "No." And said in such a way as to positively close the door on that line of thought. So they came inside. Early the following morning the hunter went west, up Water Street way and was never seen in these parts again.

It had been a bad evening for Hart. He never imagined he could get so upset and jealous. While they were out walking, he suffered the tortures of the damned. So you could hardly blame him if he overheard their conversation while stump-sitting, especially as Hart hid himself close by and listened to every word. His troubles vanished and his cup of joy was filled when he heard

that "No". It seemed to say something Springtime. In a day or so they usually get into a fearful dispute and quarrel to him.

The next morning, after the guest had gone, Hart and Alyce were sitting at the breakfast table which hadn't been cleared of the dirty dishes. "Alyce, you are now 18 years old. I see you are no child. I have wanted a wife, and I am asking you to marry me. Will you?" And this time the answer was a soft spoken, "Yes."

How to get married, find a minister, was another thing. They were thinking it over the next day when a dusty traveller rode up to the watering trough and let his horse drink. Hart went outside and got into conversation. The stranger turned out to be a Presbyterian preacher by the name of Jeremy Deshong. This was indeed providential. The desire to be married was told to the circuit rider. "Where are witnesses?" Just then a band of Indians came along. So that was solved.

Out under a spreading chestnut tree in front of the store, and near to the Log, the little company witnessed the marriage. Alyce turned to her newly-made husband, exclaiming as she kissed him, "Oh, I am so happy!"—the first sentence she had spoken without first being asked a question.

After the preacher and the Indians had gone, and they were getting ready to retire, Hart asked, "Why could you talk today?"

"I must not answer that now, replied Alyce, "you must be patient, some day it will be told you."

The time passed happily and in a year a beautiful blue-eyed baby boy came to Hartslog to make them more happy and devoted to each other. "Now is the time for you to learn of me and my story", said Alyce. Know that I am the daughter of Queen Nittany. We have seen you and your loneliness in the past. At midnight my father and mother will come to our house, and you must be very careful. My parents have not been living together for many years. They try to make up once each year, in the

Springtime. In a day or so they usually get into a fearful dispute and quarrel Furthermore the King knows nothing of you. This has been my mother's idea. You will have to hide when they arrive." There wasn't much of a place to hide. In pioneer cabins, they fastened small logs into the walls which stuck out about two feet. These were handy pegs to hang things on. On their top sides they made a good ladder to an upper deck, sometimes used for storing things. In large families, it became the boys' bed room. There was a high chest stored in this attic. Hart bored a hole through its bottom, and the ceiling so he could see what went on below. Just before low 12 (that's midnight), he concealed himself in the chest.

The first of the strangers to come was a young man. One could see he was like his sister. After him, came a noble bearded man, dressed in a marvelous purple robe, with a golden crown on his head. Anyone could see he was a king and he was—Altoona of the Fairies. In about another minute the sound of sweet voices singing accompanied by an orchestra of tinkling bells came near the cabin. Two little pages opened the door and called out:

"Our gracious and fair Queen,—Nittany."

A more beautiful woman than Hart had ever seen or dreamed of seeing entered followed by several maids of honor. Of course Alyce was glad to see her brother, and papa, and mamma. The King and Queen seemed entirely reconciled. When they saw the little baby they were surprised and exclaimed, "So this is the reason you sent for us." And then, "Who is the father?"

"There is no man like him. He has been good and kind and honors me."

"Why haven't you shown him to me?" and black anger mounted the brow of King Altoona." I think this is another of your mother's hair-brained schemes."

It looked as though there was going to be a big quarrel. Just then the baby cried and that turned their attention to it. They proceeded to name the child, and wound up by calling him William Hart. Wasn't that an ordinary common name?

Then they anointed him with oil on the middle of his forehead, on each cheek bone, the lobe of each ear, the tip of his nose, and the end of his little red tongue and the point of his chin.

"These are the tokens that he shall live forever. When his time as a mortal shall end, he shall return to Fairy land," spoke King Altoona.

"On the eight points, he shall be a man of wisdom, keen of sight, taste, hearing and smell, eloquent in speech and determined in his purposes," was the endowment of Queen Nittany.

"Now daughter do you desire to return to our land?"

"Nay, dear parents, I am content with John and will not depart from him."

"We desire only your welfare. But let us salute him. There shall be friendship between us forever."

Alyce came up the ladder and opened the chest whispering, "They desire

to see you." Of course he already knew that. He went down among the relatives and they received him with the greatest of cordiality. The company finally left, but they always made the way easy for the Harts all the rest of their days.

John and Alyce had other children and lived and loved until the time came for him to depart to the mansions of eternity. Then Alyce went back to Nittany.

But the children? The Hart family had moved away from the Juniata region in a few years, going west. No one in Huntingdon ever knew anything about it, at least not until this story is read.

The children were pioneers in the Ohio Lands, where they had many adventures. They have long since gone to the Bourn from which mortals do not return, for this was almost two hundred years ago. Their great grandchildren now live in all parts of the United States. Some have come back to Fulton and Huntingdon in Pennsylvania. You can be sure they are superior people, as the blood of their great great grandmother, Alyce, Princess of the Sea, Fire, Land and Air, flows in their veins.



KING ALTOONA'S GOUT

The King of the Fairies in the days not old

Found that his feet were growing cold

He called on his doctors to help him out
And was told that he was getting the gout.

"You lack Vitamin A," said Doctor Smart

"Your glands are not working," said Nurse Tart.

"The hormones are dried up," said another one

Take him to hospital at Huntingdon.

So they got out the fairy ambulance
For the doctors said there was but one chance

They would cut off his legs, take his appendix out

Thus probably he would not have the gout.

When you're sleeping, fairies sing
As you're dreaming, hare-bells ring.

The night folk gather round

Whip-poor-will sings his song.

The magic hour has come

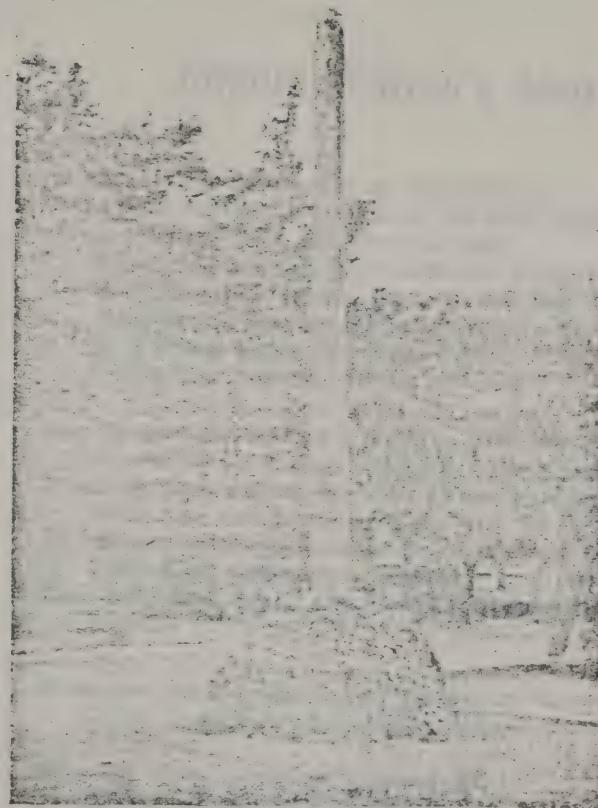
Dance round Nittany's throne

They play till rising sun

All build a fairy ring

When morning comes, take wing.

STANDING STONE



The name was applied by the Indians to the village, creek, valley, and mountains; and carried on by the whites to the trading post, fort and early settlement.

Long before Huntingdon was given to the town site as its name, the locality was known as Standing Stone. For untold centuries, an Indian village of about fifty inhabitants stood at the confluence of the creek and Juniata River. On the rich bottom lands to the north grew Indian corn, squash, beans, etc.

Conclaves, comprised of thousands of Indians, gathered on extraordinary occasions around a slab of slate, which had been stood on end by the medicine men in days of antiquity.

The original was taken away by the aborigines when they left the land. A duplicate was put up by the whites. This was eventually broken to pieces. A third now stands at Third street on the south side of Penn Street, and is passed by all travellers on the William Penn Highway, U. S. Route 22.

Juniata Warrior's Song

How sweet are the songs of my love Alfarata,
As she dwells in her lodge by the swift Juniata.
She's waiting for me, her lover, to come
When the chase has been ended and trophies won.
I hunt Endless Hills for the bear, elk and deer,
With always my thoughts on her who is dear.
I long to return as the wild lands I roam,
To the blue Juniata, Alfarata and home.

Our village is down where stands the great Standing Stone.
At creation stood there Almighty Manitou's throne,
When the earth and the sky were formed by His might.
When time was divided into day and the night.
He squeezed in his hands the folds of the mountains,
Scooped out deep valleys, made flow cool fountains.
Then left it and blest it and filled it with game,
Paradise of the earth when the Alligewe came.

Long gone the Cherokee, ancient builders of Mounds,
Oneida drove them south and made their lands hunting
grounds.
Centuries passed under wilderness reign,
Until to Juniata the Delawares came.
Oh, beautiful land of the fair winding stream!
In beauty surpassing a lovely dream.
Seek the world over there'll never be found,
Better than Juniata, clad in forested gown.

Alfarata is mine, Alfarata is fair.
There's no maiden like her, with step light as the air.
Her eyes are so blue like the sky above,
With voice that is sweet as call of the dove.
In garments of doe-skin, so pliant and white,
A vision more lovely than stars of the night,
She comes to my mind, my own Alfarata,
The Queen of this Earth and the murmuring Juniata.



The Magic Power

As you leave Huntingdon you drive south over the 4th Street bridge, and at the foot of Piney Ridge, you can turn either east or west. If you want to go to the top of the Ridge, turn right and run along the foot of the hill, and then turn left and south up grade. The road works its way in a crescent around an outlying foothill. Half way up, one can look back and view the town, with the Juniata River in the foreground.

In early days, a house stood on the top of a knoll just to the west, so situated that it overlooked the whole of Crooked Creek Valley to the south, and up north to the Canyon through Warrior Ridge, cut by the Juniata River as it comes down from the heights of the Allegheny Mountains.

This house belonged to a man named Foster, who ran the ferry which crossed the Juniata where the 4th Street bridge now stands. His family consisted of two sons, twins, and a younger sister. Now the little girl was a changeling, which means that when the real baby is born and is not alive, the fairies feel so sorry for the parents that they come and take the dead baby away, and leave in its place one of the fairy children. It grew up in the Foster family and they thought she was their baby.

In fact she was so sweet in disposition and so beautiful in face and form that every one loved her and she repaid the love given her a thousand fold. She was almost fourteen before she knew she had come from fairy land.

It happened one day she was playing along the banks of Crooked Creek when she saw a great bullfrog sitting on a log out in the water. He was looking with his bulging eyes at her in such a solemn manner that she couldn't help but observe the frog in turn.

To her great surprise the frog spoke, "Good morning. Hasn't anyone ever told you of your wonderful power?"

"Why, no, what wonderful power have I?"

"If you wish and touch any thing with your left hand no one can move it. With a touch of your right hand you can move anything that can be moved."

The frog looked at his watch and exclaimed, "My Goodness, I'll be late to the meeting," and hopped off the log into the creek with a great splash and swam away.

She repeated word for word what the frog had said and noticed there were three things necessary in order to make things happen.

First: She must wish it. So be careful before wishing.

Second: She must touch. So be careful before touching.

Third: It must be something which can be moved. So don't go around trying to move mountains.

The first time these all came together was on the ferry boat. It worked from one side of the river to the other by the current pushing against the side of the boat, when turned at an angle upstream. A rope cable ran on pulleys which let the boat roll along across the Juniata.

A stage with six horses and eleven passengers was on the ferry as was, of course, Eilene. This time the rope was so old and so frayed that it broke, and the boat started drifting down the stream. If it wasn't stopped the boat would run off entirely and all would go down stream to the Narrows, where the boat would surely overturn, and maybe the people would be drowned. Eilene saw the rope spinning off, and grabbed it wishing the boat would stop.

Just then the Civil War began and the brothers went into the Union Army and were gone from Pennsylvania for four long years. They marched through Georgia with Sherman to the sea. In the meantime, Eilene was pronounced an accomplished artist, and made her debut on the stage. This was in Italy. In the audience was a young Englishman, a son of a great duke and duchess who had great lands and income in England.

It stopped.

Of course they soon pulled it into the shore. Every one was mystified. One important Professor from Philadelphia, teacher of Natural Philosophy explained how the girl had just happened to so pull the rope that it caught in the pulley. Another passenger said the boat had stuck on a hidden under-water stone. Nobody suspected that a little girl had a power strong enough to stop a big ferry boat in rapid water.

About this time, gold had been discovered in California, and the two

boys went there, going down the Ohio and Mississippi to New Orleans. Then they took a ship to Panama, crossed the Isthmus, on mule back, and again took a ship up to San Francisco. While they were gone, a disease called Milk Fever, took the father and mother away, leaving Eilene all alone on the hill-top house. Of course she still ran the ferry, rather managed it, but that was too hard for a young girl, so she sold it and the house and put the money in the bank in three parts. One equal part for each brother and took the third part away with her.

She went to New York City, and studied. She had a beautiful voice. In the meantime, the brothers had come back to Huntingdon from California, where they had made a fortune digging in the placer gold mines. They found how she had put the money in the bank for them, so they put one-third of theirs in the bank in her name. She had gone on to Europe, so they lost track of her.

When he heard her singing, he thought he had never heard anyone with such a marvelous voice, nor so beautiful which was perfectly true.

He wanted to marry her, he was two years older, but it was not the fashion in those days to marry American girls. Besides she was not rich. His parents cabled him to come right home when they heard what he was thinking of. So he went away, and Eilene was very sad he had gone, which made her singing all the more beautiful.

The years passed by. The war between the States ended. The brothers came back to Huntingdon and married sisters and raised large families, and went into coal mining in the Broad Top fields. They put their money in the bank, and always put a third for their sister. Eilene in the meantime was making as much money. She got \$5,000.00 every time she sang, but she put her money in a bank in New York.

Then came the hard times of 1873 and the coal business was very bad. The brothers lost all their money and their coal mine. They moved to Philadelphia, where they were very poor and had to work hard just to get food and clothing and houses for their families. Eilene had been told that they had died in California until she heard somehow that she had a lot of money at the bank in Huntingdon.

After a long run singing in New York City, other cities wanted to hear the great singer. She had her own private railroad car, which took her all

over the country. She had secretaries and servants to go along with her. On the way back from the Pacific Coast, she took the Pennsylvania Railroad as she came east, and ordered her private car placed on a side track at Huntingdon.

She found out about her brothers and learned that they had been foreclosed by the bank, which now owned their coal mines. She went to the bank and no one knew her. She asked for a blank check and made it payable to cash and signed her name, a copy of her signature was filed with the bank, and said she wanted to draw out all her money. You see, this money was hers, and was not involved in any money trouble of her brothers.

Then the President of the bank came over and was so apologetic and so sorry, etc. Nevertheless she asked for her money just the same.

"It is such a large sum," said he, "nearly \$380,000.00. It will be hard to arrange payment.

"Then sell the Foster mines."

"They cost the bank a half million dollars."

"All right, I will take them for the amount I have on deposit."

"Oh, we couldn't do that. The iron business is going ahead, and has to have coke, and that Broad Top Coal is the finest in Pennsylvania. The mines are very valuable."

"Very well, give me a New York draft for the Three hundred and eighty thousand dollars. I will be there in a few days and that will give you a little time."

That night the banker took all the gold and silver and currency and put it in a valise, and went down to the depot and got on a train. The train pulled out, but went back on a side track to get so used to living in a big city like Philadelphia that they did not move dinner, and the banker went in to get back. Of course Eilene went all over a meal, but he was careful to take his bag along and put it at his feet when he sat down to a table.

The cook was sick on the private car, and Eilene decided she would eat in the diner. She was placed at the same table with the banker, and it just spoiled his meal, and the whole evening. He was through first, and started to get up and leave her. She just gently touched his bag with her left hand, of course making a wish, and never did you see such a tug of war.

The banker became red in the face from exertion, and called a waiter to take the bag. Then there were two tugging at it. The conductor came in. "Madam, you will have to permit this gentleman to take his bag." The banker and waiter and porter and conductor were all pulling by this time at the valise. They really were just stuck together, and looked as though they were pulling hard.

The brakeman came along and pulled the bell cord, which tells the engineer to stop the train. Eilene then touched the window with her right hand and wished that the train would back up to Huntingdon. The engineer couldn't put on the brakes, at least they didn't work and back went the train.

They sent for the Sheriff to arrest Eilene, but when that officer came, she said, "Open his bag." There was all the bank's money and everyone knew the banker was a thief. So they arrested him and took the money back to the bank. The vice president was an honest man, and knew that the bank could not pay Eilene all her money, so he called the owners of the bank together and they decided to sell the Foster Coal mines. She had them make out the papers to her brothers and herself in equal thirds. Then they telegraphed the brothers, and they ran the mines for years until they sold out. But they had happy and glad when they heard her, and she had lots of other adventures. This one is sufficient for this time.

QUEEN NITTANY'S SONG

Sung at the birth of the Noblest Huntingdonian



Open the gates of life. Another birth!
A soul is launched anew. Welcome to Earth.
This garb of flesh is but another dress
 Taken by a body dweller. Changeless
The imperishable Spirit.—Soul immortal!
 Confined by mortal ties at world's portal.

Welcome newcomer. A new world awaits
 With beauty and delight it saturates.
Its hazards call for heroism sublime
 Developing justice and love in time.
Slow are the steps by which ye wisdom gain
 To know what next to do,—to play the game.

Nature is your mother, and you're her child
 Akin to all that breathes,—the tame, the wild.
The earlier and the humble, the roots
 From which the crown in mankind upward shoots.
Intelligent and moral,—Nature's goal
 Fitted for habitation of a soul.

Some spirits are inane, dull and not free.
 There's difference in kind as in degree.
Some think they're clay, surely stuck in the mud.
 Many sink in quicksand, engulfed by flood.
But billions there are who will not be bound.
 They know they're divine, and peace have found.

How real the struggles of body and sense.
 Fight Mankind', the fight of this existence.
Leave Destiny await along with Fate,
 Though amid fiery desire, love and hate
Beset by unwanted, resisted sin
 Naught can destroy the soul within.

The wheel revolves, slow its first rotation.
 The soul grows with each new habitation.
For man is unlike the bird or the tree
 Beast of the field or fish in the sea.
He rules the light'ning's flash, the ether's wave.
 Making death glorious, fears not the grave.

At death be still thy heart. Farewell to strife
 The flights of angels hail the end of life.
Mount to Heaven. Spirit, thy seat's on high.
 Gross stuff remains below, its fate to die.
Only the fool fears death. World wearied souls
 Pass on to other realms,—to other goals.



The Bradys



Pioneers

Once upon a time there was a little won against France and the Indians. Scotch-Irish girl named Mary, who was The war was over.

born on the banks of Conodoguinet Creek in John Brady travelled along the War-Cumberland County, Pennsylvania. Her parents had come from London Derry in North Ireland. The Quigleys had a small band of fairies even there, who came along with the family to America.

You may be sure these fairies were very happy when the blue-eyed baby was born. They took special care of Mary as she grew up. They hunted around to find a husband and picked out a tall dark complected man with hazel eyes named John Brady.

Some people in this world do not believe in anything, especially fairies and their doings. But Mary Quigley Brady had faith in them just as she did in the Presbyterian church and its teachings, and saw no reason why she couldn't believe in both, which she did. She needed both.

She was true pioneer, always on the frontier which kept moving all her short life for she was only forty-eight when she died. In those days Cumberland County was all Pennsylvania west of the Susquehanna river. While the English King said it belonged to Penn, the Indians said, "No, we own this land." The French said the English had no right to claim the Indian lands, so there was a great war.

In less than a year after they were married, the husband left his bride and marched away to war. He was very brave and fearless. Soon he was made a Captain and went with Boquet on the expedition west of the Ohio river. In between expeditions he would come home, stay a few days and off to fight away he would go. Finally England

In going back and forth, Captain (isn't that tongue twister?) Creek in John Brady travelled along the War-Cumberland County, Pennsylvania. Her parents had come from London Derry in North Ireland. The Quigleys had a small band of fairies even there, who came along with the family to America.

on the south side of the river. This is the property through which Crooked Creek flows, and is on the opposite bank of the Juniata from the city of Huntingdon.

So in 1768 urged by a restless mysterious impulse which moulds the destiny of a pioneer, he packed up his goods, wife and five children, and moved to Standing Stone. It was the work of the Brady fairies, so there is no mystery about the moving. One of the Brady fairies, named Orm, had gone to Ohio with the Captain one trip, and while they stayed over night at the Stone, did a little moonlight prowling and fell in with a bunch of Nittany's fairies who had come over from Warriors Mark to dance around the Standing Stone, a very old custom.

Result, he fell in love with one of Nittany's maids of honor, Nilda, and they were married. It was these that put the notion of settling at Standing Stone into Captain Brady's head. In those days if you wanted a farm you cut some marks on the corner trees with your hatchet. "A Tomahawk Claim," for a tomahawk is nothing but a hatchet. When the Indians traded their furs for hatchets, it wasn't long until they were practicing how to throw the tomahawk, and it became a dangerous weapon in their hands. The white man is as cunning as the Indian, and very much smarter, so two could play at that tomahawk game.

John Brady built a cabin on the hill

side where the road turns right at the foot of Piney Ridge. There is a chicken farm now on the place. On the magical lucky evening of July, the twenty-ninth, in 1768, two babies were born in this house on the banks of Crooked Creek, itself a very lucky stream of water. We call such babies twins, and the little boy was named Hugh and the little girl was named Jane.

Hugh and Jane in future years, but that is another story. One of Nittany's boy pixies had been in love with Nilda before Orm came along and was quite put out when they married. So he just wished that the Bradys move away from Standing Stone, and that's what happened before the twins were a year old.

Orm and Nilda had a whole company of fairies around the Brady cabin, and after the excitement died down, the babies were put in bed with their mamma. The rest of the family went to sleep. Then it was that the fairies gathered around the mother and twins. Of course Mary Brady was wide awake. She loved the little people and showed them the sweet faces of the little newcomers to this earth.

Every fairy wanted to give a gift, and they took turns wishing for the babies. Some of these were pretty big words for little babies.

"Penetrating eyes" for Hugh. "Beautiful blue eyes" for Jane. "May Hugh's flash fire." "Loving glances" for Jane. As Hugh became much the more famous and Jane got married and had to stay home, we had better confine the remarks to Hugh's gifts.

"Handsome. Distinguished looking. Noble. Genial. Hospitable. Generous. Honorable. Patient. Keen. A soldier. A captain. A Major. A General. Each fairy seemed to want to outdo the gift of the one before.

There were a few Pixies in that band, and they wished a lot of traits and on.

Because the father had served his country so well in the wars, the Penns gave him a big tract of land up by Lewisburg at the forks of the Susquehanna. So in 1769, the Bradys moved away and gave up their farm and cabin. Rev. William Smith bought the land which is now called Smith's field. He also bought all the land on the north side of the Juniata and on it laid out a city called for many years the town at Standing Stone, and later named Huntingdon.

There's a lot more to this Brady story but of course since they moved out of the county, we can't tell it here. We can't tell about all the eleven Brady children, or how the father, ten years later, was killed by the Indians. Nor how Mary went back to her parents on the banks of the Conodoguinet (isn't so hard to say the second time).

Nor how she stayed there only a few months, from May to October, by which time Orm and Nilda were able to persuade her to go back to Lewisburg. Winter was coming on but the fairies had grain and hay in the barn. Well,



Air plane, air plane
What have you done?
I've picked up the airmail
At Huntingdon.

Air plane, air plane
Where do you fare?
I go to Mount Union
And Shirley Ayr.



The Blacksmith



Once upon a time there was a good blacksmith who lost his money and his forge, and had to seek a new place to work. So he moved up to Pennsylvania Furnace in northwestern Huntingdon County.

He had three sons, fine upstanding lads, who helped around their father's shop, and also helped their mother in the housework. They were very intelligent, but could hardly be called educated due to the limited schooling which the early days in Pennsylvania afforded.

In the new location, the blacksmith was more prosperous and at the same time he got into a position to follow his natural bent for doing good in the community where he lived. As a result he enjoyed the respect of neighbors and associates.

Now his actions had not been unobserved by the little people, whom we call fairies, who, in great numbers inhabit that region. They were constantly reporting his deeds to the Queen of the Fairies, whose name was Nittany.

The beautiful fertile limestone vale between Tussey and Bald Eagle Mountains is called Nittany Valley, some say after the Fairy Queen and others say after an Indian Princess. Those who really know things, know that the Indian Princess and the Fairy Queen are one and the same.

Queen Nittany wanting to have an audience with the blacksmith, sent one of her henchmen, who took the form of a farmer and brought a plow share to be sharpened late one afternoon to the smithy. The air rang with the musical tones of the hammer pounding the red-hot share on the anvil. He could play beautiful tunes while he was pounding. Across Spruce Creek from his shop was a cliff, which echoed the tones, so a duet day. He was told to go to the village resulted especially on those days when

Nittany placed a special fairy at the base of the cliff to make the over-tones and undertones, which mightily pleased the smith.

While the iron was heating between times when its edge was being sharpened, they talked. "Where do you live?" asked the smith.

"Up at Warriors Mark."

"At the village?"

"Oh no, at the real Warriors Mark, where the Indians met in council. Haven't you ever been there?" asked the farmer.

"No I haven't....

"Come up some day, and stay all night with me. We can give you good food, a good bed, and a good night's rest. I will be glad to show you around."

After the farmer had gone, the smith closed his shop, and when he went home, told his wife all about the visitor and the invitation. She knew her husband worked all too hard, and urged him to go. But he had forgotten to ask the man his name, as well as the trail to the cabin.

So Queen Nittany had to send the farmer back again. This time with a request for a sickle blade to fit a horn handle. This was made from an antler of a deer, and had curious bands of silver along its length, and also some filigree work in silver weaving among the bands.

The smith asked where he had got the handle, and was told that in a lead vein was some silver, which had been melted out of the lead ore. The farmer said he did the silver work himself --which was perfectly true.

The news of the mine was even more alluring to the smith than the first invitation. It was arranged that he should come up for the visit the next day. He was told to go to the village of Warriors Mark where he would be

met by a boy who would guide him.

All turned out as predicted, and the smith and the boy reached the cabin after an hour's walk. It was on a plateau or small level place from which all the country to the north, east and south could be seen. As the twilight was just coming on, the mountains and valley were soon in the half light of the stars.

The farmer was very glad to see his friend, and conducted him into the cabin where he was introduced to the wife and two little girls, who with the boy, were the couple's children.

The mother was really the Fairy Queen.

On the table was a fine dinner, which had been prepared for the guest. The smith had always been used to plain fare of pioneer days. This so called plain fare is, in modern times, more desired than ever, roasted turkey, venison, with chestnuts, flowing rich creamy milk, hominy and succotash, corn bread and honey. But never in all his life had food tasted so good.

Then the farmer showed him the lead ore mine by lantern light, in a rocky place just in the rear of the cabin. When it came time to go to bed, the smith laid down on a fairy couch to dream, and this was his dream.

He stood in the throne room of a wonderful palace, blazing with lights from crystal chandeliers. The walls were of mirrors and hung with tapestries. Checker board black and white squares of marble made the floor. At the far end was the throne, on which sat a most beautiful lady dressed in dazzling silver garments with a golden crown upon her head.

Around the walls of the room were fine ladies and courtiers. At the right hand of the Queen sat two little princesses on smaller thrones. Below was her chief counselor with many secretaries to take down the royal commands, and many pages to carry the royal messages.

The smith stood all alone in the center of the room. No one was nearer

than 100 feet. He felt very ashamed of his rough clothes, for he was in his work-a-day dress with his leather apron on. He carried in his right hand his heavy hammer. And he had not washed off the soot and black laid on by his work.

"Advance, noble knight," came the command from the throne.

He turned to see who should approach, but there was no one. It finally dawned upon him that he had been spoken to, so he walked forward. Now he was graceful and sturdy. His carriage was proud. He was an honest, self-reliant, fearless man.

As he drew near, he fancied the grand visier looked like the farmer. Surely the Queen was the farmer's wife. The Chief Page was the little boy who guided him up the trail.

The Chief Scribe called out, "Is there anyone here to bear witness concerning this man?" One by one stepped out lady and courtier after another until 100 had testified to 100 kind deeds done by the smith.

"Thomas, your acts call for suitable reward. What do you desire?"

"I desire nothing. I am happy, satisfied, contented and reasonably prosperous. I like my work and I desire to continue in my present condition and living."

The fairies were surprised for this was the first mortal who was not discontented.

"Isn't there anything we can do for you?"

"Your majesty, there is nothing for myself, but I have three sons. I know the Fairies can attend their steps through life if you desire."

"Take your sons, each as they become 18 years old to the place called Water Street. There three roads separate, reaching the East, the North and the South. Let each choose which road they wish to follow. That highway will lead to fame and fortune."

When the morning came, the smith

bade goodbye to the farmer, the wife His wife said it was no dream. She and the children. He was extremely was from Northern Ireland and knew puzzled for they looked exactly like of the realities of the little people. "It the people of his dream, true now in means our boys will follow three dif homespun garments yet their faces ferent professions, and each will be seemed even more beautiful in the come famous in their chosen field." morning than in the night of the dream. So when each son started out in life

He went back to his forge, and and left home, they went down to pounded out a tune as he worked. It Water Street, where one chose the road seemed the echo was better than ever. to the east that led to Harrisburg, and The tune kept ringing to these words. he became Chief Judge in Pennsylvania. "The three roads for the Porters, the The second took the road to the South, three roads, the three roads."

This made the smith think of his dream and that evening as they sat in their parlor around the candle light, he told his family of his dream.

The third followed the northern road, to New York to become a rich man and was Ambassador to foreign lands.



FORT SHIRLEY

Captain Croghan built a stockade
Which he called Fort Shirley
Wearing a hat with red cockade
Got up one day early
Bade the bugler play harmony
Calling all to rally
From Black Log, Shade and Germany
And each mountain valley.
We go to fight the Indian foe
Who the French are helping
Along the banks of Ohio
We'll soon have them yelping.
Alack, Alas. You know about
Braddock's expedition.
The British force was put to rout
What a sad admission!



Huntingdon, Pennsylvania



Huntingdon is a small town in the center of Pennsylvania. If you are city owner does not expect a large per traveling from or towards any of the cent on his investment. The factor of Atlantic seaboard cities on the great repair and replacements does not enter Pennsylvania Railroad you will tear into any calculation. Houses are never through the place without noticing it. torn down. They are simply remodeled. But if in an automobile, on the William Penn Highway, which is U. S. 22, are a century or more old useful and you will never forget it. You have to perfectly satisfactory to their occup cross under those same Pennsylvania pants.

tracks by three underpasses at Huntingdon. No doubt many of the present buildings will be in use three hundred years

If you are not in too big a hurry you should stop over to visit Huntingdon, mands. This is simply keeping that for it is somewhat like a fussy girl which is useful and preserving your who grows more entertaining the more capital. A very large proportion of the you cultivate her acquaintance. Here is residences are occupied by owners. Juniata College, a small co-educational Newcomers are not well impressed institution, in beautiful grounds. Wond- with the lack of modernity in Hunter- erful drives, a score of them, in every ington. But as one lives here in the direction lead to scenic spots unsur- course of years a love for its ways passed in the eastern states. There is grows and it becomes a very satisfa- nothing more beautiful than the drive tory city to live in.

along the very edge of the precipice of Piney Ridge or that of Standing Stone Ridge. There are twenty varieties of street pavings. Gradually you get to use each

kind and as a change take Washington

Its people follow some of the tra- Street with its bricks which rumble ditions which are ingrained into hu- under the wheels of the auto in per- man nature. Some people live above ference to Mifflin Street or else choose their stores, or in the rear. These lit- Warm Springs avenue, to drive north tle places of business and fabrication toward the Seven Mountains. Where are scattered all over the place. A lot the street car tracks were, a block of of human labor is turned into many cement wedges in between the other in Huntingdon. The balance of trade is types of street paving, very handy to very much in favor of the town. The drive on between the parked traffic. result is that some very large fortunes. The sidewalks also present an inter- have been founded, and what is more, esting variety of forms and levels. It kept intact through succeeding gen- produces a sharpness of intellect as erations.

This balance of trade filters down among the merchants and business ful watching of steps is necessary. The people, the mechanics and laborers in houses tend to crowd out to the very every field to lower the cost of living street line, and front porches and steps and produce a surplus or saving. Rents actually extend over the sidewalk. On

these stoops the population sits on the warm summer evenings entertained by the passers-by. Everyone speaks and passes the time of day in Huntingdon. A warm hearted and friendly people live in Huntingdon.

Its streets are lined with noble shade trees which beckon with their black limbs and trunks in winter time, contrasting with the snowy blanket. In Spring the bright green new leaves burst forth to become heavy foliage and give welcome shade in summer. In fall, the beautiful colors of the rainbow gather on the trees which little by little are stripped of their leaves by winds and rains. These fall to the ground to scurry under foot in the crisp autumn air.

It is a church town, with noble edifices to house the congregations of a dozen denominations, some now 150 years old. Two clock towers in the gathering twilight peal softly and sweetly over the valley. The hills of Huntingdon, nobler in essence than those of Rome, offer beautiful homesites as the population will grow in future years. The number of its people will greatly increase in the decade between 1940 and 1950. That will be only the beginning.

The largest city between Philadelphia and Pittsburgh will be located at this central point of Pennsylvania a hundred years hence. Its residences will spread out Warm Springs and Standing Stone Valleys, over to the foot of Piney Ridge and all of Smithfield, down the valley of Crooked Creek and that which the country club occupies, westward on the slopes of Warrior Ridge. The State will sell its large land holdings which at present block the natural growth around the Industrial School which shortly will be abandoned.

The hills immediately northeast will gather the finest of the residential sections. An indication of this trend is Taylor Highlands occupying the slopes of Warrior Ridge, destined to spread

north and west for many miles. The level portions, the present day residential portion will become the hive of industry—not belching smoke to make a smog like Pittsburgh's. The enormous electrical power latent in the Juniata will be unlocked.

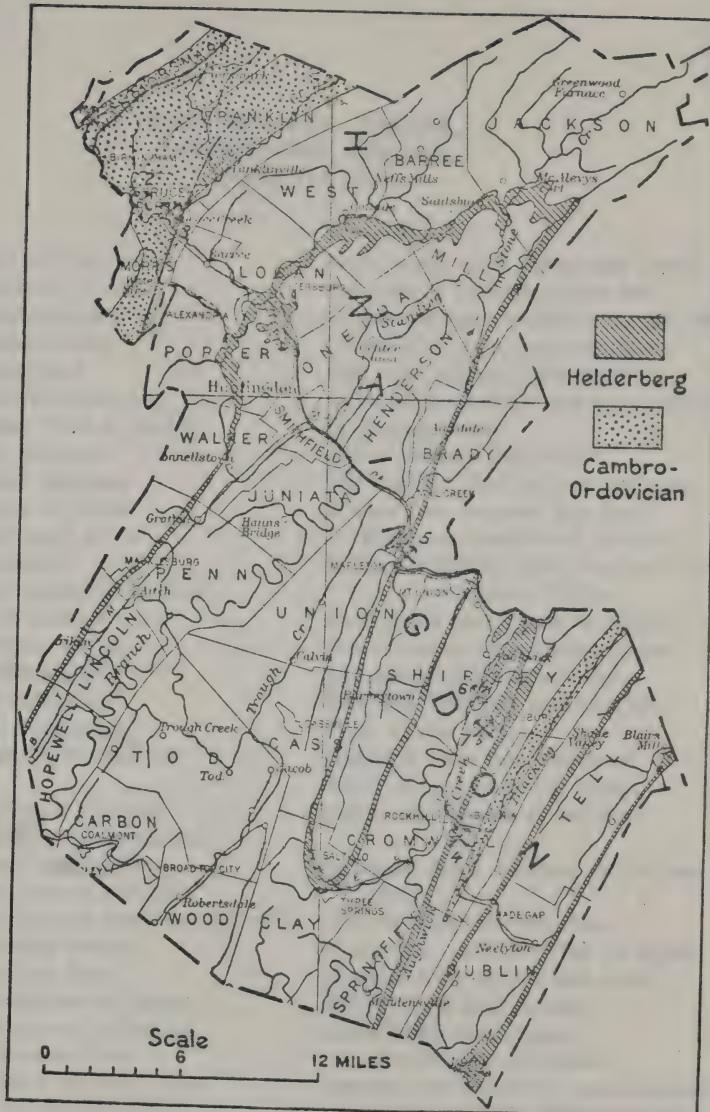
Raystown Dam is but a tiny model for the great one which will be a flood regulator, producer of electricity, but also, more valuable than all, a creator of a beautiful mountain lake, comparable to the English lakes or those of Italy. Around its shores will be villas, on its bosom will float all manner of pleasure craft and reflected on its shimmering surface will be the beautiful slopes of Terrace Mountain and Alligrippis Ridge.

At the mine entrances on Broad Top mountain the coal will be transformed into its hundreds of by-products: gasoline dyes, tars, and its residue of coke. Here the stored treasures of ages will be turned into products useful to mankind, and transmitted to the manufacturing plants of Huntingdon. How wonderful it will be when the Pennsylvania Railroad uses electrical power and ceases nightly to scatter its manna of soot which has to be gathered the next morning or some time or other by Huntingdonians.

Humanity visualizes a changed world for the future. This is but a vision. Life will remain very much as it is. Much has been written crying down the city, but mankind through thousands of years has demonstrated that the cities are the throbbing vital nerve centers of a nation. Country life has its advantages, provided you have an independent income to support the farm.

Civilization is not agricultural as it was 150 years ago. It combines the three forms of production, manufacturing and servicing necessary for an improved scale of living whereby leisure for the common people is even more essential than their enslavement through toil.

HUNTINGDON COUNTY



The valley-lands of the county ent mode of life in Huntingdon. Here are naturally productive and respond to cultivation and fertilization. As the city grows all of the farming portion will respond to the stimulus of a profitable and near-by market.

The peculiar result during this development during the next hundred years will be the retention of the pres-

the days are longer than elsewhere, abundant for work and recreation. Holding fast to that which is good will continue to be the distinguishing trait of the great center of population destined to be where the waters of Standing Stone and Crooked Creek mingle with the Juniata.

THE JUNIATA VALLEY, HUNTINGDON, COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA

In the heart of this region lies Huntingdon County quiet in contentment, land of enchantment. City comforts and country delights combine. There is time here to watch the evening shadows. Incomparable pictures along a score of roads await an evening drive through grandeur. The lighted windows at dusk of the quiet houses show the peace within. From the chimneys pour wisps of smoke rising, votive offerings of thanksgiving to heaven.

Juniata Valley, a treasure house of history and romance. It is also an inexhaustible producer of wealth through agriculture, mining and manufacture. Juniata's riffled bosom shows miniature falls with long stretches of quiet waters in between, reflecting the severed mountains. Along Juniata's curving banks shut in by woods and hills the Nation's highways, pierce the Allegheny-Appalachians. Narrows, full of solemnity. Mountain brooks, the river's sources

begin along that Allegheny Front, the eastern palisade of the flat topped Plateau, divide from the Ohio. Tributaries join, each draining rich side valleys, unequalled in rural prosperity and tranquillity. Kittanning Point, where crosses the divide the ancient Trail of the Indians. Where now crosses the Rail is the place from which to view this area carved from Nature's bosom.

Juniata Valley. Bald Eagle and Brush Mountain repose below, their rising slopes like the swells of the ocean soft and billowly, breaking like them at the crests. Ganister flows are hardened white caps, congealed spray, and frozen spume of the sea.

Between each summit, wild and romantic repose a hidden limestone productive vale, teeming in herds, chocked with wheat and corn, dotted with neat houses, homesteads and barns, full of light and softness. Restful combinations, comprehensible, of hill and stream, sky and forest, expressive of repose, majesty, and power, proof of contentment of Juniata's people.



THE MOUNTAINS

Here in the mountains draw near to God
and feel His wonderful grace
Where the sky bends down to clasp the world
with a tender fond embrace.
Misty and dreamy ridge after ridge
in varying shades of blue
Marches down from horizon's distant range
of royal purple hue.

The slopes are clad with forest growth
where balsamic perfumes are made.
Pink and white fragrant azalea bells
are found in every glade.
Silver-striped beeches lift their trunks
then sweep silvery branches down
Where rose and berry strew their briars
above the carpeted ground.

From the narrow valley where flows a stream
of crystal purity
Singing low broken minor chords amid fronded
ferns feathery
Rise translucent mists in pearly wisps
that shimmer in the sun
Away fall the shadows, the soft breeze blows,
the day has just begun.

On my cabin's porch atop rounded knoll,
I breathe life-giving air.
I would not trade with king or duce,
or a multi-millionaire.
I roam my mountains, for I own them all,
with ready gun and rod.
I'm free and owe not any man, giving praise
and my thanks to God.





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